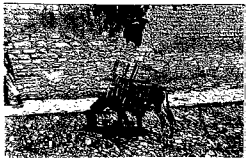


The explanation of the popularity of Taxco lies in the fact that it is built up and down the sides of the mountain in pure colonial style; it combines at once the charm of the architecture and natural beauty. Very wisely the Federal government has made the whole town into a national monument -- which means that no changes are allowed without permission from the Ministry of Hacienda. No signs may be put up, no houses built or torn down -- and, best of all no gasoline stations, hot dog stands, Bide-a-wee Inns or other excrescences of the motor age (which is being ushered in very rapidly since the completion of the new road) are to be allowed to deface the scene. Unfortunately this same foresight has not been exercised with respect to the new road itself. In the four years since I made my first trip over it, the whole stretch between Mexico City and Cuernavaca has been littered with billboards advertising "Kelly Tires", "Pierce Oil Co. Gasoline", "Highland Queen Whiskey", etc., etc. ad nauseum.

Tomorrow we are supposed to go on to Chilpancingo -- that is, of course, if the chauffeur of our abandoned car remembered to telegraph and reserve seats for us on the car being sent down on the Tuesday run.

Tuesday, May 12



At the appropriate time this morning we sent Spratling's little Indian errand boy down to the plaza to flag down our car for us when and if it should come along. While waiting for this happy

event the morning was taken up in (a) an animated series of conversations and negotiations over the house and garden which Beals is trying to buy for 600 pesos; and (b) listening to a graphic recital

by one of the old residents of how Díaz took Taxco in October 1863 on his march south on the route which Beals and I are following. The old boy claimed that Díaz besieged the town three days and that for his pains he had 6000 of his men killed while the Taxcañeans lost only one man -- "and even this one was buried before Díaz came into the town." When he looked around and found no one dead this made him so mad that he conscripted 200 of the townspeople forthwith and took them with him to Oaxaca.

About twelve we decided that we should go down to the plaza to see how Spratling's little boy was getting along. On our arrival there we were greeted by a number of little boys who proceeded to present very conflicting reports of the situation. Some claimed that the car had come and gone; others that it was not coming at all; and still others that it would probably be along in an hour. Not being able to make much out of all this we decided to hire one of the cars in the plaza and to go to the next town, Iguala, for lunch. Iguala (Place-of-the-goddess-of-night, Yohualcihuatl) is about 3,000 ft. lower and about 1-1/2 hrs. by auto from Taxco.

Negotiations were started during lunch and about 4 p.m. we managed to set out in still another car for Chilpancingo (Place-of-the-little-chillies). And here we are tonight. Thank God the hotel Bravo is all that a Mexican hotel should be.

### Wednesday, May 13



After dealing with various and sundry "gente" we finally managed to rent two horses (at \$2.25 per day) to take us to Chilapa.

We also had a visit with the Governor of the



ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE POPULARITY  
OF THE EASTER RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS  
MALINALTEPEC, GUERRERO



TLAPANECAN TYPE  
MALINALTEPEC



MIXTEC TYPE  
TOTOTEPEC

state, who gave us an open letter to all of the municipal authorities in Guerrero.

Three big meals and a good long "siesta" completed the day's activities.

Everyone in town now seems to know all about us and where we are going and why. And everyone, from the bootblack boy up, has offered us advice and suggestions.

One of the most interesting features of the local development here is the Huasteca gasoline station which has been built directly in front of and adjoining the cathedral!

#### Thursday, May 14



The hour agreed upon for our departure this morning was four a.m., but, of course, the man with the horses did not come until five-thirty. This time we fooled him, however, by the simple process of not getting up until we heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the cobblestones outside our window.

The three hours from Chilpancingo to Tixtla (Plain-of-stones), our first stop, were pure unadulterated torture. Neither Beals nor I have been on a horse for more than a year.

At Tixtla we found an amusing old soul who runs the hotel there. She volunteered to help us find some of the masks used in the religious dances. In this we were successful (after a tour of the city and many inquiries) and we bought for four pesos two unusually fine specimens of devil masks. All this, including a very hefty breakfast of eggs and beefsteaks, took about three hours.

The next three hours from twelve to three were, if anything, worse than the first three. Finally, however, we arrived

at a little "jacal" (shack) where we stopped for half an hour for more food. Once again in the saddle we began the last four-hour grind. The country from now on was extremely broken and rocky. At times we could not stand the pain in our legs any longer and we would get off and walk for a half hour or so. Beals got to the place where he was seeing visions and if I didn't do quite that it was simply because I was too tired to even have any imagination left. My whole body ached and it was hard to tell which portion of my anatomy I would have been most willing to dispense with. Our guide kept telling us that our destination was just over the next mountain range -- but he was a consummate liar. But all things come to an end in time and at long last the village of Chilapa (in-the-Chilli-fields) hove in sight. And here we are in what purports to be a hotel. Ten hours in the saddle! We were too tired even to eat much supper. We managed to get up enough pep to wash our feet, if not our faces -- and so to bed.

### Friday, May 15



The Hotel Central is advertised in several languages as being the best in the state. After spending a day and a night here I am beginning to be of the opinion that these advertisements

slightly overstate the matter -- and this includes even the one in English, which reads: "The Hotel Central is the best on the City."

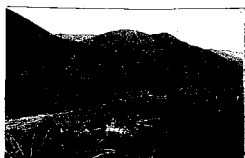
Today we spent recovering, to some degree at least, from yesterday's experience. However, we still do not sit down or make any move without thinking the matter over carefully beforehand. It will probably take another day, or two, before our muscles begin to respond again in a normal manner.

Apropos of the progress of industrialization in Mexico it is interesting to note that this village into which everything must be brought on mule back has (a) a very efficient electric light system and (b) several motors for grinding corn to make tortillas. (Beals says he has seen similar machines in many parts of Mexico.) Also the town boasts of a water and drainage system. In the local store one may buy Kodaks, Palmolive soap, flashlights, Kellogg's Cornflakes, and Spalding's boxing gloves -- to mention only a few American machine-made products. Ice is sold for 4¢ a kilo, in the same store.

We have arranged for our horses -- two pesos a day, plus one peso for the "mozo" (servant and guide) and his food. This means coming and going -- so that in all our two-day trip to Tlapa will cost us about 20 pesos. We are scheduled to leave at five a.m. tomorrow morning.

I forgot to say that we called on the "Presidente Municipal" and presented our respects and our letter of introduction from the Governor.

#### Saturday, May 16



Of course the horses did not show up this morning when they were supposed to, and as a result we did not get started until about six-thirty. Forewarned that we would not be able to obtain anything to eat along the road, we bought yesterday a couple of cans of sardines, some bread and some fruit. To this Beals added a bottle of cognac -- just in case we should be bitten by snakes or anything.

Our first stop was at eleven by the side of the road

where we consumed the above mentioned edibles. About one we came to an almost deserted village by the name of Petatlán. The place presented such a "triste" aspect with its rotting organ-cactus fences and its tumbledown thatch huts that we did not stop. In three hours more we had climbed several thousand feet, crossed a plateau and arrived at the "pueblo" where we are spending the night -- Atlixac (Place-of-salty-water). We are reasonably comfortably fixed in a small inn known as the "Mesón de la Montaña." Inn is, however, a misleading word, for our quarters consist of nothing more than a bare room furnished with a couple of reed beds over which two pieces of native matting have been placed, two chairs and a table. The "mozo" will sleep on the floor.

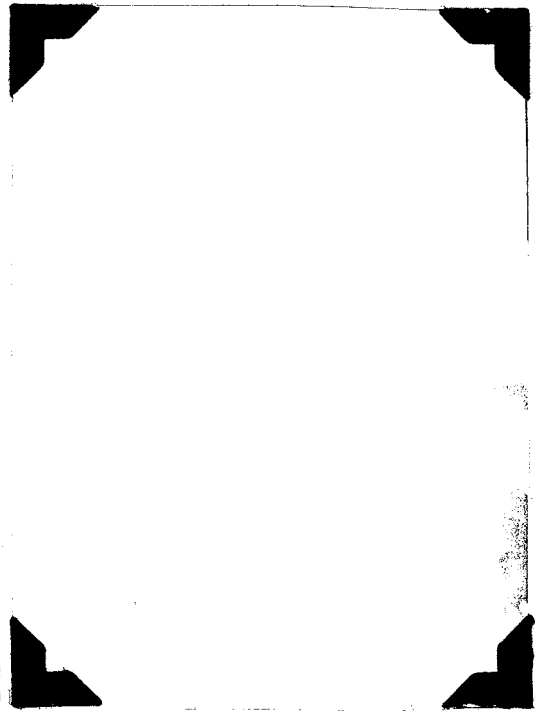
Very soon after we arrived we made friends with the Presidente Municipal and the local Federal rural school teacher, -- named Doblado. The latter has only one leg but he seems to have accomplished wonders in the month that he has been here. He is especially proud of his volley ball court and tried his best to inveigle us into a very lively co-educational game which was in progress. But after 8-1/2 hours in the saddle we were not very enthusiastic. At one time he says he was Secretary to Gómez Marín and spent a month in that capacity in New York. The rural school here, although started only a month ago, has 130 pupils -- about evenly divided between the day and night classes. The Presidente seemed to be very impressed with our letters. Of Puig's he very painfully made a copy in long hand, as he said, "to put in the city archives and preserve for future generations." Everywhere we go the old boy accompanies us. We have already inspected the municipal library -- about 30 musty volumes carefully locked up in



A "SAN MARCOS"  
(i.e. NATIVE IDOL)  
TLACOAPA, GUERRERO



ON THE TOP OF ANY MOUNTAIN  
IN THE MIXTECA



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION  
TOTOTEPEC



a packing case -- and tonight we are to be the guests of honor at the evening classes of the school.

The second day on horseback, while not so bad as the first, was hardly what you would call pleasant. I've discovered muscles these last two days which I never knew existed.

Sunday, May 17



The advantage of having your guide sleep on the floor of your room is that you can get him up when you want him. And we did just exactly that this morning at four a.m. By five-thirty the horses were fed and saddled and we were off. Our breakfast consisted of three pieces of dry bread and a good drink of water. We were a little tired to start with due to the fact that we were up rather late attending a dance at the school house last night in Atlixnac. The music for the said dance, by the way, was led by the many-talented school master. Beals and I both did our duty, and riding boots and sore muscles to the contrary notwithstanding, managed to get through two dances apiece with some of the bare-footed Indian lasses. If I had the pen and ability of a Dostoyevsky, I might be able to describe that dance, but lacking these I can only say that there is something about the first blundering attempts of these people to create some kind of a social life for themselves which simply tears your heart out. Their needs are so simple and their efforts to supply them in the face of abject poverty and lack of adequate leadership are at once so pathetic and awkward that, observing them at close range, it is hard to keep the tears out of your eyes.

But to get back to today's ride -- by eleven-thirty we reached our first stop and incidentally our first real meal. The

latter was supplied by the general storekeeper in the little village of Tlaquilzinapa (river-of-the-masons). Our appetites were only slightly affected by the appearance of the storekeeper's little boy just before we sat down with the announcement that he was just recovering from small pox.

The last two hours before arriving at Tlaquilzinapa were for some reason particularly hard ones. Both of us were ready to fall off our horses with fatigue and we looked forward with dread to the five hours ahead of us before we could hope to reach Tlapa. Very soon after we started, however, it began to rain the proverbial cats and dogs. With our ponchos we managed to keep fairly dry and what with the stimulation of the rain and of a group of mule drivers who overtook us and set the pace for us, almost before we knew it five hours had passed and we were in sight of our destination.

Upon our arrival at the "hotel", almost before we could get the packs off our horses we were greeted by a band with the announcement that the local theater would have a showing tonight of "El Reporter de Hollywood." And, although even as I write the band continues to play on the next corner but one, I have a notion that our beds will be more attractive to us tonight than all the movies in creation.

### Monday, May 18



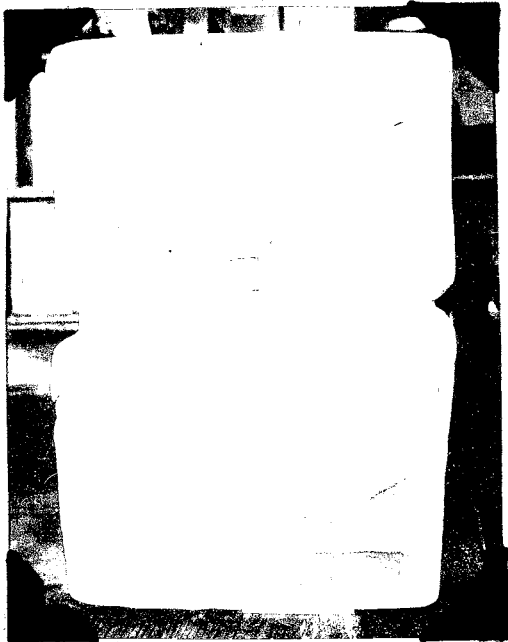
This morning we presented our letters to the Federal inspector for rural schools, Sr. Rafael Sánchez V. When we explained our plans to make a tour of the Mixteca, he immediately offered to accompany us. So now it is all arranged that we will leave Wednes-

day morning on a round trip of six days. Later on we met the Presidente Municipal and a certain Sr. Benjamín García. The latter runs the local drug store and is known to be writing the history of the "municipio" of Tlapa. We talked to him at length about Porfirio Díaz's campaign in these parts. Finally he dragged out a worn manuscript of some 25 pages representing his historical labor to date. The following notes are taken from this manuscript. They are interesting in that they are typical of the experiences of dozens of villages in this and other areas in Mexico.

"Datos Geograficos Historicos y Económicos --  
Municipalidad de Tlapa -- Estado de Guerrero  
Junio de 1922"

- The "municipio" of Tlapa is divided into: one city (ciudad); 11 towns (pueblos); 5 villages (cuadrillas) and 8 hamlets (caseros).
- The population of the entire municipio in 1921 was 2830.
- The "city" of Tlapa has both postal and telegraph service. The only roads are trails and the nearest automobile road is three days distant by horseback.
- The principal products of the region are corn, beans, and sugar cane. The only articles manufactured by the people for sale are palm straw hats. The straw, however, must be brought from the state of Oaxaca.
- It is not known when the town of Tlapa was first settled. That it dates well back into pre-conquest times is known from the fact that the codices record its conquest by Moctezuma Ilhuicamina in the middle of the fifteenth century. Crespo y Martínez quotes from the Lord Kingsborough collection of codices in "México y su Evolución Social": "Tlapa rendered as tribute /to Moctezuma/ ten tablets of gold four fingers wide and three fingers long, and twenty jars of gold dust."
- In pre-conquest times Tlapa was known by the name of Tlachichinolapan (place-of-the-colored-waters).
- The Agustiniens to whom the evangelization of the region was assigned after the conquest, established the first convent in Tlapa around 1535.
- During the war for independence (1810-21) Tlapa was several times the scene of battles between the Royalists and the insurgents. Tradition has it that Morelos himself passed this way during his second campaign.

- In 1830 during the "War of the Castes" Tlapa was burnt to the ground and completely destroyed.
- In 1833 the population was decimated by the first great cholera plague.
- In 1850 the second great cholera plague swept over the region. One of the principal figures in the care of the sick and dying was don Ignacio Comonfort, afterwards President of Mexico.
- In 1855, threatened again by revolutionary armies, the whole population, under the leadership of the local priest abandoned the city and fled to various places in the state of Puebla. Discovering this the rebels under the leadership of one Aviléz sacked the city and for the second time burnt it to the ground. A little later General Angón who was then in possession of Tlapa, wrote to the Governor suggesting in view of the "lamentable state of destruction and abandonment of the city where even the streets were overgrown with grass and weeds" that the seat of the prefecture be changed to another town. The Governor, who apparently had a soft spot in his heart for Tlapa, replied: "If there is even one mesquite bush left to indicate where Tlapa was, there we will reestablish the prefecture!"
- In 1863 Colonel D. Porfirio Díaz passed by the city with a detachment of 300 or 400 Austrians, but did not attack.
- In 1870 another group of revolutionaries under the leadership of a certain Ortiz laid siege to Tlapa for 23 days. The defenders of the city were so hard pressed that they even had to melt the ornaments in the church to make bullets. Finally, the siege was lifted when two runners broke through the lines and obtained help in Puebla. The notice of the arrival of reinforcements was brought to the city by a heroic lady by the name of "Chica Cilia." This she accomplished by concealing the messages in her hair and "wriggling through the enemy lines like a serpent for a distance of more than a half a kilometer."
- In 1877 a new bell weighing 1150 kilos was cast for the church.
- In 1887 Juan Pelaes and Paulino Reyes at the head of a group of men from Potuicha assaulted the city jail and liberated all of the prisoners.
- In 1891 a memorial was sent to the Governor of the state petitioning relief from the machinations of a group of local politicians who had the city in their power and "were committing grave abuses." The Governor placed 12 of the offending politicians in jail. After a short time, however, they were all released.
- In 1910 the 100th anniversary of the national independence "was celebrated amidst great rejoicing."



IDOL FROM ACATLAN, GUERRERO



ONE OF THE MUSICIANS  
FOR A RELIGIOUS DANCE



CHURCH AT TLAPANCINGO

- In 1911 (May) General Juan Andrew Almazán captured the city in the name of Madero.
- In 1911 (Sept.) Almazán and Emiliano Zapata attempted to take the city but were unsuccessful.
- In 1912 Zapata at the head of 5000 men again attacked the city but again was repulsed by the inhabitants.
- In 1914 and 1915 the city was divided in its sympathy between Zapatistas and Carrancistas. First one group and then the other would be in possession of the town. Whichever group was in power proceeded to sack the houses and shops of the partisans of the other.
- From 1915 to 1918 the city was subject to the attacks of various groups and at times was completely abandoned.
- "From the 30th of August 1918 to the present date (June 1922) order has been maintained in a practically normal fashion, without other notable events worthy of narration."

Tuesday, May 19



This has been a very lazy day -- storing up energy for the six days that are ahead of us. In the morning we took a number of pictures of the village. Lunch with the school inspector.

In the afternoon a long siesta and more dickering about the horses and other arrangements for the trip. Everything is all set and we are scheduled to leave "muy tempranito" in the morning.

Perhaps this is as good a time as any to say a few words about the hotel in which we are staying here in Tlapa, and, by implication, hotels in general in rural Mexico. The Hotel Central was originally built as a private house. The architecture is of the usual style -- a number of rooms around a large patio, with another and larger patio behind which serves at once for a corral and a general barnyard. In the latter patio, also, is to be found the "W.C." consisting of what Chic Sales, Specialist would call a "two-holer" placed in one corner of the yard and open to the sight of God and everyone else. You are ~~exp~~ expected to supply your own

paper.

Beals and I have a large room looking out on the street. I say "room", because although a rough board partition has been built down the center, it only goes half way to the 20-ft. ceiling. This makes conversation easy, but it also very effectually does away with any privacy. On my side of the partition the following articles of furniture are distributed in a rather unpremeditated fashion: a soap box which serves as a washstand -- water is supplied from an oil can to which a faucet has been soldered; an iron bed over which has been erected a very leaky mosquito bar (the less said about the mattress and pillows on this bed the better -- the Rock of Ages is undoubtedly softer than down by comparison); a large rickety table concocted of two beer cases and designed to serve as a bedside night table; three much patched wooden chairs; a tall spindly stand covered with a dirty doily -- this looks as if it might be designed for a plant; on the walls are two advertisements put out by the Bayer Aspirin Company -- these are religious almanacs on which are printed in bright colors a picture of a very kingly looking Christ surrounded by cherubims and a list of the principal saints' days and feast days for each month, and a signed statement by the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico declaring that the advertisement and Bayer's products have received the approval of the Church; back of my bed is a large poster announcing "the greatest drama in years: Thos. H. Ince presents "The Christian" with Blanche Sweet and William Russell; another wall is covered with one of the Ministry of Education's posters with pictures of Ortíz Rubio and Portes Gil; and on still another wall are pasted some illustrated cards showing the principal events of biblical history; the rough tile floor is bare except for an old

horse blanket by the bed and the inevitable spittoon without which no Mexican room is complete. For lights I have an oil lamp (for some reason the electric lights have not been extended beyond the front door of the hotel).

What one pays for all this is best stated by quoting the sign out in the corridor:

Hotel Central -- open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
 Rooms 1.00, 0.75¢, 0.50¢, and 0.25¢ payable  
 in advance or guaranteed. Greatest attention  
 and respect paid to all travelers. Our rooms  
 and baths are clean. Feed for horses. Public  
 women not allowed.

Feeling rather extravagant we have been living for the last two days in one of the one-peso rooms (about 40¢ in U.S. money); for an additional 1.50 we get three meals a day at the landlord's house across the street. The only drawback to all this is that the rainy season has just started in these parts and in the afternoon we have to move all our things over into one corner of the room and cover them with our ponchos. Otherwise, as we discovered to our sorrow the first day, they are likely to get quite wet from some one of the numerous leaks in the roof.

### Wednesday, May 20



Our first stop this morning was about nine o'clock at a place called Xalpatlahuac (Place-of-wide-sandy-spaces). Here at the house of one of the leading citizens we had breakfast. This village is notable for its church which is located on the top of a hill with 82 steps leading up to it. The school master told us that he had taught the children in the third grade to speak a little Spanish -- the rest of the village speaks only Nahuatl.



Our next stop was about three-thirty at Quiahuitlazala (rain-on-all-sides). This was a village of some 440 inhabitants of which three spoke Spanish and the rest Mixtec. The community (as have practically all of those through which we are passing) has suffered severely for the last 18 months from small pox. Last year there were 50 deaths from this cause alone. At present the community has no school, but while we were there the village fathers came to talk the matter over with the school inspector with whom we are making this part of the trip. One of the chief difficulties in establishing a school in a settlement of this type is to get a woman teacher. If a man is sent the people will not send their girls to the school; on the other hand it is almost impossible to find a woman teacher willing to go to these tiny isolated mountain villages.

We are spending the night in Atlamajalcingo del Monte (in-the-little-fork-of-the-river-of-the-mountain). This village is practically bi-lingual although among themselves the inhabitants all prefer to talk Mixtec (a different brand of Mixtec, however, than that spoken in Quiahuitlazala). The knowledge of Spanish here is due to the fact that there was a rural school in the village during the time of Díaz.

Our arrival created a great deal of interest and even excitement. The latter reached fever heat when I pulled out my pipe and began to smoke it. I was again the center of interest when I put some chlorine in my canteen.

After a great deal of sitting around the porch of the "city hall", it was announced that the officials and elders were gathered together and would have words with the school inspector. It soon developed that they wanted the government

to establish a rural school in the village. This called for a long speech by the inspector which, to be sure that everyone understood, was forthwith translated into Mixtec by one of the elders. The burden of the inspector's speech was that if the village really wanted a school they must be willing to agree to send their children to it and to cooperate with the school master in every other way. (In the case of the Federal rural schools "cooperation" means, among other things, building a school house and furnishing it with rustic benches and desks; all the other supplies and the salary of the teacher are provided by the Federal government.) To all these things the village elders in regular meeting assembled agreed -- so in due time, it may be assued, Atlamajalcingo will have a school.

About 9 o'clock we were conducted to the house of what apparently is the richest man in town for supper. In this region they have the curious custom of beginning the meal with hot chocolate and sweet bread ("Gedunking" is good manners!). This was followed by tortillas, chicken with chilli sauce and, of course, the inevitable frijoles.

The pièce de résistance of the evening was the bringing out for our inspection of an original document bearing the signature of Vicente Guerrero (hero of the War for Independence, and afterwards President of Mexico). The document was the recognition by Guerrero of his debt to the village for a stated number of "organ pipes, bells, and crowns of virgins and saints" which had been sent to Guerrero to make bullets when he was camped nearby during the war for Independence.

The people of this village as well as in this whole region are suffering from the fact that there is no market for



DANCE OF  
LOS DOCE PARES DE FRANCIA  
MALINALTEPEC



ST. JAMES IN THE DANCE OF  
LOS MOROS AT TOTOTEPEC



DANCE OF THE TECUANES  
MALINALTEPEC

their chief and only product -- straw hats. These are now selling as low as two for 5¢.

Thursday, May 21



We got off to a late start this morning, due to some misunderstanding about the preparation for breakfast. Our first stop about ten o'clock was at Cuatzoquitengo. The rural school teacher here told us that smallpox was very prevalent and that 65 out of the total population of 700 died from this cause last year. About 20 people in the village speak Spanish.

We stopped for lunch in a flea-bitten and flea-biting little place called Mixtecapa (place-of-the-Mixtecs). The most that could be found to eat, after combing the village was a few hard-boiled eggs and some leathery tortillas.

Three hours more brought us to Paraje Montero (mountain stop). This place which consists of a dozen or so houses perched on the side of the mountain slope is the poorest and most God-forsaken which we have struck on the whole trip. The people are dirty and ragged and evidently in the most abject poverty. It has taken two hours and a half to find a few eggs for us to eat. There is no coffee, chocolate, milk, sugar, or meat in the whole village. Only by dint of much argument have we succeeded in buying even a chicken to eat on the road tomorrow. There is not even any food for the horses, with the exception of a handful of corn. The food problem both for man and beast in this whole area is a most serious one. The government recently suppressed one of the mail routes through this region because it was impossible for the mail carrier to find anything to eat in the villages along

his route.

Tonight we are sleeping in the city hall. The cold is so penetrating that we will not be able to take off more than our boots.

Friday, May 22



We arrived here in Iliatenco (alder-trees-on-the-river-bank) about noon, after six hours of the hardest riding which we have had to do so far. Our route lay over Telpizahuac (mountain-

of-the-sharp-points ?), the highest mountain in these parts. On a clear day it is said that one can see from the summit the Pacific Ocean to the South and to the North and East all four of the famous volcanoes in Mexico. Iliatenco lies at the foot of Telpizahuac in the semi-tropics. It was more than worth the long climb and the subsequent descent to get some fresh fruit and our first bath in three days. This is the last school in our inspector's district, so tomorrow we will start back for Tlapa.

The school master here is a product of the "Indian School" in Mexico. He is a native of Iliatenco and after spending five years in Mexico City is back on the job -- so it seems in some cases at any rate the theory of the "Indian School" really works (see my criticism of this school in Educational Studies, Series I, No. 4).

The houses in these parts are very interesting and should be conducive to a lot of gossip; they are constructed of widely spaced bamboo poles which gives the neighbors a full view of what is going on. The roofs are thatched straw with

tiles here and there at strategic points.

Don Pancho, our guide, reports that the priest in this village has prevented the people from sending their girls to the school. He also claims that the priest lives in "luxury" in the best house in town with two or three women "servants." We did not see the female servants, but the house is certainly superior to the others in the village. Moreover, another and even larger one is in the process of construction.

The inspector made his usual little speech to <sup>the</sup> village elders, or "principales" as they are called in Spanish, about the place and function of the school in the life of the village. At one point he said: "Mexico can only become a big and powerful nation like the United States of which the distinguished visitors on my right /meaning Beals and myself/ are citizens, through building up its school system." This idea apparently did not get across, however, for upon being questioned the elders said that they had never heard of the United States!

The evening's festivities were closed by the playing of some squeaky native music by an orchestra consisting of a guitar and a home-made violin.

Don Pancho tells me that the horse with which I have been struggling three days is known in Tlapa as the "Horse of Troy" because it is so large and made of wood. It is certainly made of some kind of insensitive material for neither spurs nor whip have much effect.

Saturday, May 23



We did not get much sleep last night; the lady who has been preparing our food started making tortillas for our breakfast about one a.m. and from then on there was some sort of clatter

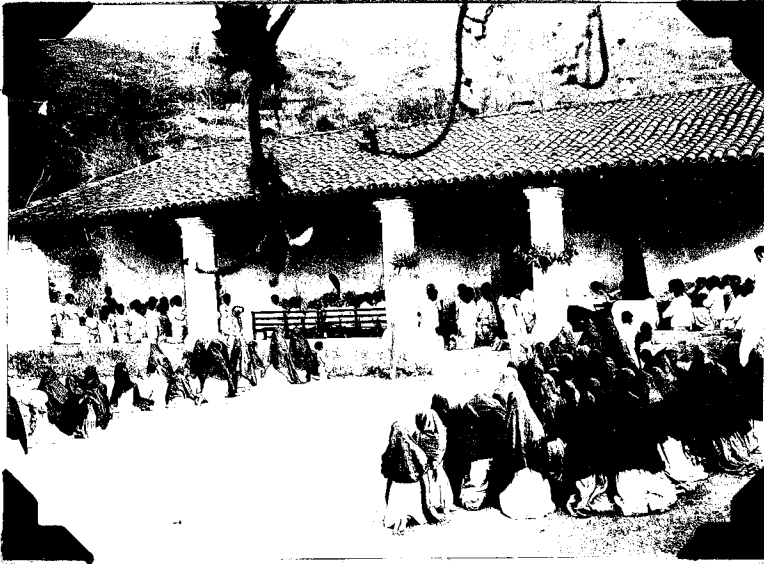
going on outside all the time. Moreover, this business of sleeping on a dozen bamboo poles over which a piece of straw matting has been placed certainly leaves something to be desired in the way of comfort. My hips and shoulders, despite my efforts to protect them by towels and various articles of clothing, are black and blue. Join the Institute and see Mexico!

After nine hours in the saddle, barring a half-hour by the roadside devoted to the consuming of some cold tortillas, chicken and fresh pineapple, we arrived at our present lodging for the night -- Malinaltepec (place-of-Malinalxochi, goddess of death). The school house which has been placed at our disposal is, by the by, the first one which we have encountered in this region with anything but a dirt floor. The fact that it used to be the town jail may have something to do with the presence of a brick tile floor. The school has only 25 children in attendance out of a possible 200 in the village. The reasons for this situation (which seems to be pretty general throughout this school zone) are various, the chief ones perhaps being the fact that the parents use their children to help work in the fields, and, second, the objections of the priests. The government is seeking to overcome the former difficulty by giving the children a vacation during planting time -- i.e., from June 20 to August 1.

The problem of the priests is a more difficult one as we saw very clearly tonight when we had a two-hour chat with the local "cura." He is certainly a slick and oily gentleman. But he is also quite obviously the most intelligent and capable man in the village. His house has everything that could be desired, considering the isolation of this place, in the way of comfort and convenience -- including a victrola, a very good gasolene lamp, a comfortable bed, and a gentleman (with shoes on) who acts as a sort of butler and passes around cigarettes in a silver-plated case. It is obvious that until the government is able to man its schools with teachers at least as clever as the priests, they are going to be fighting against tremendous odds. (Note: Anita Brenner, a Guggenheim fellow who spent a week in Malinaltepec making archaeological explorations, says that the church in this village is supposed to have a gold mine underneath it from which the priest secretly extracts gold dust. No one has ever been able to check this story up although one General who heard it tried very hard. The said General descended upon the village with some soldiers several years ago and started hanging people right and left. After he had hung about twenty Indians, he was persuaded to go away by a "gift" of a large sack of gold dust, but he never found out where the gold dust came from.)

One of the most interesting features of the region which we rode through today is the number of small settlements which have sprung up since the revolution. This whole region used to be one large hacienda to which the people were attached as serfs. Since the revolution, however, they have begun to sense their freedom to move about and the result is these new





SUPPER OF THE APOSTLES - PASSION PLAY  
IN TOTOTEPEC



WIZARD PERFORMING BLOOD  
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A "GAMBLING HELL" IN TLAPA